

# SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, DECEMBER 26, 1913

## THE LAUREATE PARCE.

May good fortune forefend that the United States may ever have a poet laureate. Let us learn wisdom from the unhappy fate of Great Britain and abstain from creating an office the function of which is to manufacture poetry while you wait.

Tennyson was so nearly a poet under all circumstances that royal commissions, otherwise known as rush orders for opportune poetry, were filled with some flavor of the divine afflatus, but Watson—why recall hideous memories? And now Bridges. Have you read his first performance as "verification regis"? It was done at the command of the king, who wanted a Christmas hymn. Here is the result:

A frosty Christmas eve, when the stars were shining,  
Fared I forth alone where westward falls the hill,  
And from many a village in the water'd valley  
Distant music reached me, peals of bells arising;  
The constellated sounds ran sprinkling on earth's floor  
As the dark vault above with stars was spangled o'er.

Then speed my thought to keep that first Christmas of all  
When the shepherds watching by their folds ere the dawn  
Heard music in the fields and, marveling, could not tell  
Whether it were angels or the bright stars singing.

Now blessed be the towers that crown England so fair,  
That stand up strong in prayer unto God for our souls;  
Blessed be their founders, said I, and our country folk  
Who are ringing for Christ in the bellies tonight  
With arms lifted to clutch the rattling ropes that race  
Into the dark above and the mad romping din.

But to me, heard after, it was heavenly music,  
Angels' song, comforting as the comfort of Christ  
When he spake to his sorrowful flock;  
The old words came to me, by the riches of time  
Mellowed and transfigured, as I stood on the hill  
Hark'ning in the aspect of the eternal silence.

It may be enlightening to know that the title of the hymn is "Christmas Eve," but neither this nor the subtitle, "Pax Hominihus Bonas Voluntatis," gives it, nor does the statement that the poem is cast in the form adopted by the first recorded predecessor of the laureate in 1340, Germanic rhythm, based upon alliteration and a central pause, help matters much. There are poets in Indiana who would be ashamed to publish such verse or even read it before the Indiana society of Chicago.

The "verification regis" is not a fair position in which to place a poet. Poetry cannot be written on order, as hot frankfurts are taken from the boiler, but must depend upon the call of inspiration.

## THE INEVITABLE TENDENCY.

Centralization is maturing pretty rapidly. We have preached and prayed against it and fought it for more than a century, but ever it has bored in. And now, well—what are you going to do about it?

There is the postoffice department demanding that the telephone and telegraph shall be annexed to the mail and that all means of communication shall be managed under the control and management of this department of government. The same department has already brought the express companies to their knees and made them polite to the comparatively few remaining patrons by establishing the parcel post.

Then there is the reconstruction of the national banking system, which brings the banks a little closer to the center and brings them one step nearer being government institutions. Their powers are enlarged, but they will exercise them under government scrutiny. They are headed toward centralization. And now come the railroads, voluntarily offering to place themselves under government regulation as to their financing as well as to their operation, and the probability is that institution will increase rather than diminish.

We are beginning to see that the much dreaded centralization is, in restricted form, essential to the welfare of the nation. It means just this, that the railroads, the telephone and telegraph lines and the express companies are trying to make too much money for too many people and that with government regulation as now applied the railroads cannot make ends meet. That is, their earnings are not and cannot be made large enough under regulation to meet expenses and pay dividends. They must have free hand

to squeeze the public or go out of business. Their stockholders demand dividends. One advantage of government control would be to obviate the necessity of paying dividends. There would be no stockholders. Service could be given practically at the cost of operation, the same as in the parcel post service. The railroad men see it, but are struggling to prevent it, and yet forced to yield to the irresistible influence. This is the beginning of the end of corporation control of railroads.

## THE PRACTICAL JOKER.

There is no accounting for the sense of humor. Its function is comedy, but too often it accomplishes tragedy. The practical joker is, like the sucker, born every minute, and he goes through life trying to make fun but often creating havoc.

A man with a big head and a warped sense of humor thrust his head through the doorway of a hall in Calumet and yelled "Fire." The children of the town were holding their Christmas exercises and the hall was packed. The man with the beard and the warped sense of humor thought it would be fun to see them jump.

Everybody in the hall did jump. Some of them stood on chairs and tried to stop the panic, but most of them rushed for the narrow stairway. What happened has been described, but need not have been. One can close his eyes and see that frantic, struggling mob of men, women and children, pushing and crowding and trampling upon each other to be the first to reach the open air, and one can see the pile of human wreckage at the bottom of the stairs, and hear the moans and cries.

And it was all intended as a joke! But the joke miscarried. The man with the beard and the warped sense of humor, the ill begotten author of it all had enough intelligence to see the mistake and get away. Perhaps not, perhaps he was only frightened by the prospect of meeting the fate to which he consigned scores of innocent victims. Pity he could not have been at the bottom of that ghastly heap.

The fans are objecting to the issue of passes to hard hitters at critical periods in baseball games, but isn't this expecting too much of the umpire when it is so hard for batsmen to out-guess the pitchers?

South Bend has as happy a Christmas as any other city in the country. As far as known not one of its 60,000 people was overlooked by the ruling spirit of the day.

Gen. Villa's orders to give no quarter to the federalists would warrant intervention in the name of humanity. The Mexican war game needs a referee.

The Nebraska legislature made a muddle of its loan shark law. The supreme court has decided it unconstitutional. Perhaps the loan sharks helped to make it unconstitutional.

The president is trying a much needed rest at Pass Christian, Miss. The nation will not begrudge its head servant a few days of recreation in view of what he has accomplished.

The president took a hand at cheer dispensing. Two truckloads of food and presents from the white house were distributed in Washington.

The use of electric lights on Christmas trees in place of candles is accountable for the almost total absence of accidents yesterday.

Chicago's municipal Christmas tree was a fine expression of reasonable sentiment. In a way it was Christmas publicity.

The railroads are getting almost tame enough to eat out of Uncle Sam's hand.

Still it might take some time to explain eugenics to the average immigrant.

Now that foreign made talking machines may be sold in this country the hold of the holdup will be broken.

Tired, yes, but it is a good kind of tired, that Christmas kind.

## MRS. STEVENSON DEAD

Wife of Former Vice President Was Ill Several Months.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Dec. 26.—Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, wife of the former vice president, died Thursday night. She has been ill for several months. Mrs. Stevenson was 70 years old and is survived by her husband and three children, Lewis G. Stevenson, president of the Illinois board of pardons; Mrs. Martin N. Hardin of Chicago and Miss Letitia Stevenson, at home.

Mrs. Stevenson was elected president General of the Daughters of the American Revolution four times and had recently published a history of that organization.

## STATESMEN REAL AND NEAR

BY FRED C. KELLY.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—Rep. Frank E. Doremus of Michigan is going to endeavor to keep congress democratic, even if he has to pull a beautiful silken stocking or two from his pocket within full view of a startled and expectant populace.

It would not be the first time Doremus has waved a mysterious stocking aloft and told them about it, but that falls he will doubtless have other Ziegfeld or Belasco tricks that may be equally effective. At any rate, he purposes to leave no stone unturned to keep congress democratic, just like it is now, for that is his job. They have elected Doremus chairman of the democratic congressional committee. The position is one that has a dry and hollow sound to those of us who find politics and political talk a good deal of a bore. Right at first it sounds about as exciting as if one were to say that Soandso had been elected president pro tem of the Association of Survivors of the Sultana, or Esteemed Inner Guard of the Knights of the Sacred Sow.

But here is the idea: The republicans, being the party out of power, will, of course, try to pick dress in the doings of the democrats, and undertake to make the next house, or senate, or both, republican. If they should succeed it might be difficult for a democratic president to get done the things he wants to, and if the president can't get anything done, why, he is in a bad fix. Thus we see that the congressional elections next autumn may determine whether the present administration shall end up as a success or a fizzle, and that puts us right into big league stuff. Doremus is the fellow who will be chiefly responsible for doing out the schemes to get a large mass of democratic electors and keep congress the way it is. He is a resourceful person, and, whether it takes silk stockings or—

Ah, yes, that's what you've been waiting to hear about—that silk stocking had to do with it. You've forsaken the lingerie advertisements over in other parts of the paper to pause and learn if there isn't some high-grade scandal lurking here to surprise and delight you.

Well, to be perfectly frank, Doremus landed in congress by means of a silk stocking—a \$2 stocking such as are worn by French maids in the first act of problem plays. He got up before the voters of Detroit night after night, pulled the limp, but mysterious stocking from his pocket and told what he knew about it. When the voters learned the awful truth they went and cast their ballots for Doremus, and that was the way he broke into congress. He knows as well as anybody that he wouldn't have got here except for the stocking.

But, before we go any farther—if you think this little story about Doremus is about to degenerate into an Ellnor Glyn novel you are doing us a grave injustice. Glyn we do not intend to undertake, any Baccacio setting. There was no scandal about the beautiful stocking at all. It simply served as a text for Doremus to talk about the inequities of high tariff—how much the stocking cost when purchased from the handsome young saleswoman at the stocking counter in any department store at that time, and how absurdly much cheaper it could have been bought except for the prevailing high tariff rates. That was all there was to it, which perhaps is too bad, for when you come right down to it a silk stocking that contains nothing but a low tariff argument is really not appearing at its best.

The strangest thing about the whole proceeding, though, was how Doremus ever got up his nerve to exhibit the stocking at all, even for the serious purpose he had in mind. He is a notoriously self-effacing and modest person, who would not even look at a silk stocking in a window, and it has been a standing joke about his office that if a woman comes in he is certain to become embarrassed, stammer about, step on his feet and flush up a bright crimson, clear to his scalp, like a school boy in the old days. The answer is that he was extremely anxious to come to congress and had to do something drastic, as it was a close race.

Besides his disposition to sit back and listen and keep out of the conversation, Doremus is noted for his willingness to seek advice. He doesn't agree to take all the advice he gets, but he hunts for it and doesn't care a continental how humble the source. Not long ago he was greatly interested in a bill pending before the house. Another congressman dropped into his office and Doremus asked him what he thought about the bill. The congressman gave his views and Doremus listened.

"I must ask some others about that," remarked Doremus, and an expressman came in with a package. Doremus explained the bill to the expressman and asked him what he thought about it. And he listened to the expressman's advice just as fully as he had to the congressman's.

Shortly after he first came to Washington, Doremus was honored by being invited by a senator to attend an exclusive little dinner to meet a couple of international celebrities.

"Bring a friend," said the senator. "I am going to bring Mr. Soandso, of the cabinet, as my guest. We are going to make it a pretty nifty assemblage."

That was the tip for Doremus to bring the most celebrated person he knew.

So he invited the young man who was acting as his stenographer, because he thought the stenographer might enjoy it.

"I have no dress suit. They may frown on you for bringing me," suggested the stenographer. "Then I'll simply frown back," said Doremus.

So you see he isn't a bad sort. (Copyright, 1913, by Fred C. Kelly. All rights reserved.)

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JOHNNY WRITES  
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N. Y., wendsy—there's all kinds of different reasons for wanting to renew old acquaintance.

A fellow that is president of a bank in herkimer, N. Y., come down to the city the other day, and he stopped in to see the cashier of the bank he does business with here.

himself the cashier says to him, say here's a funny thing, I've got a lunch engagement with jim jines, president of the steenth national bank, but he comes from herkimer, you must

## THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

WRITHING under blood pressure induced by Christmas joys in the form of the gastronomic triumphs such as usually grace the festive board on this festive occasion, doesn't assist, as old Doc, Evans would say, in burning up the surplus. What we need today is about 35 poles in a four some with old F. M. Jr., H. W. E. and B. S. W.

AFTER that we might be able to provide a little material worth reducing in The Melting Pot.

WE hoped until the last minute that old D. S. M. would tap one of his reservoirs, which by this time must be full unto bursting with accumulations, or that old J. C. E. would cut loose on Jupiter or the dog star, but there was nothing like that in our mail.

JUST in the niche of time B. E. H. arrives with a graphic picture of the man who shakes hands as though it was his favorite exercise, though the pleasure may be all his.

## The Shaker.

He grabbed my hand and shook it. Till he made my muscles ache. He talked a while then shook it. Till my legs began to shake.

He hung it. And clung to it. Until in grim despair, I tried to shake his clutches off. Before I lost my hair.

But the fool instead of dropping it. But juggled it the more. And in utter desperation I essayed to reach the door.

But he held my hand and pummeled it. And pumped it up and down. And the lobster didn't take the hint. Until I knocked him down.

B. E. H.

LORD, how we Americans do love royalty or the semblance of it. The Chicago papers hectorically announce that Marshall Field III is to return to that city and may possibly concede to make it his home, if he should there will be no living with Chicago.

THE POT would like to get away from the hackneyed New Year's resolutions. Will the fans give us something new?

## THE MAX OF GALLILEE—In Verse.

(Shelbyville News.)

It happened in late autumn, the year B. C. 5, The blue haze hung along the horizon, The golden rod nodded drearily, looked drear.

## SECOND YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

The sound of grating wheels on the driveway in the yard below! It was Warren! Helen half rose on her elbow, and then, through sheer weakness fell back among the pillows.

In the still night air every sound came through her open window—the murmur of voices, the steps on the porch and slamming of the screen door. Warren had come. In a few moments he would be there beside her still dazed from the quivering emotion they had given her, after her excited outbreak on learning Warren had been sent for without her knowledge. Helen gazed about the room with a strange sense of unreality. Everything seemed curiously unreal—the room, the black night outside the window, the murmur and sound of voices down stairs, one of which she knew was Warren's.

She waited, with a sort of apathy for them to bring him to her. At that moment she seemed void of any feeling.

Something trickled down her face. She put her hand to her head and found an ice cap there.

Not once, since she had been ill, had Helen realized how very ill she was nor did she know that the curious sense of remoteness, of unreality that had come over her was only the stupor of the fever.

But as she felt her forehead burning even under the ice, she was conscious of the vague satisfaction. At least Warren would see that she was ill—that he had not been sent for without cause.

Yes, He's Down Stairs She Said. Her eyes closed, she was becoming strangely drowsy again. Then, at the sound of someone leaving her, she looked up. It was her father.

"Yes, he's down stairs. I am going to let him come up in a moment. Dr. Davis is here, too, and I want him to see you first."

Helen's only answer was to close her eyes. The languor that was slowly claiming her deepened.

She did not notice the increased know him, and maby you'd like to join our lunch party.

Yes, says the feller from herkimer, a know jim jones all rite, and i kind of think i would like to see him

i worked nine years for jim in herkimer, he paid me about 1-2 enough to keep a child alive and worked me 14 hours a day reger

when i got so tired i couldnt get up in the morning he docked me for being late

and finelly when i got up the nerve to ask for 50 cents more a week, he fired me

goodness me, says his frend the cashier, i don't see why you should want to see him again

well, ansers the feller, i think i would like to slam him one in the other eye

## COUNTERFEITERS CAUGHT BY GOVERNMENT MEN

Members of Party Arrested Had Succeeded in Passing Bills in Several Cities.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—Government detectives Thursday arrested here two ex-convicts and captured a complete outfit for printing counterfeit five and ten dollar bills. The men are Edward Westcott and Otto Allen, Allen, alias Charles Morrill, had just returned from a test trip with counterfeit bills in the course of which he had passed them in Grand Rapids, Mich.; Cincinnati, St. Louis and Racine, Wis.

The printing outfit was set up in a flat otherwise unfurnished. The operatives learned the address from a parcel post package sent by Frank Lascera arrested in New York for passing counterfeit ten dollar notes. Detectives were watching Lascera for some time before they arrested him. More than 4,000 counterfeit bills were printed and stacked up by the counterfeiters' press.

Hearts nestled close, because time of year. Nature had dawned its most gorgeous tint. The darts of the sun with rays aslant. Old earth was softly crooning a lullably. That ere long would cause natures sleep. Shepherds were nervously watching their sheep. When appeared to them his star of glory. Star of beauty; star famed in story—Herald of the newly dawning day.

WE could go back and get a lot more of this, but it will have to be by request.

ONE of the Washington correspondents wrote his paper that when the crowd had left the white house after the currency bill had been signed, "the president, set thoughtfully for a few minutes." Possibly he was thinking of the high cost of eggs or hatching out more work for congress.

## It's Lovely When the Moon Shines.

(Lafayette Journal.)

Before the curtain arises disclosing the first scene of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which was presented at the Dryfus theater last evening, the aromatic scent of pine can be detected by the audience, which places one in a receptive mood for what is to follow, and after the curtain ascends the spectator is treated to an exquisite picture of rugged beauty. It is here the "lonesome" pine is revealed. There it stands erect and gnarled, crowning one hill, from the summit of which one can look across the purple mountains and see the grandeur of the valley with his winding streams, and the majesty of the adjoining peaks. It is in this inspiring wilderness that John Hale, engineer at the Gap, first meets June. She appears unkempt, bare of foot, and with her luxuriant hair adorning her shoulders, and by a sparkling mountain stream the two are made acquainted with love.

THE Christmas rush practically ended the hard work of the year. It has been a pretty busy year on the average and we will be wise to take things easy for a week. The new year will give us new problems to solve and we ought to go to it with a clear head and a clear slate.

WHICH did you enjoy most, the night before or the morning after?

SO did we. C. N. F.

## IN WHICH WARREN ARRIVED AND REALIZED THAT HELEN IS VERY ILL.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

anxiety in her father's voice and face. She was conscious only of an utter weakness against which she could no longer struggle.

Dr. Davis was in the room now—and her mother. She seemed to feel that she was at the door, but it all seemed part of a dream—the low murmur of voices, the moving scene about the distant barking of the dog. Nothing was clear or distinct.

The glint of a shining hypodermic—then a quick, sharp pain in her right arm. She moaned and turned uneasily.

Was it part of the dream or was it really Warren's voice that cried "Helen! Helen!"

It was two days before Helen regained consciousness and it was night again, her first thought was that she had been asleep. The shaded lights were still burning beside the bed and the white muslin curtains still fluttered out in the night air. And Warren—Warren—was he still down stairs? Had they not brought him to her yet? Then, as she gazed about the room, she was puzzled by the many changes. Her bed had been moved away from the wall. A cot was on the other side of the room by the window. There were many more boxes and glasses on the stand by her bed. The gown she had on was not the same. That, she remembered was red, had been trimmed with lace and blue ribbon, and this was embroidered. What had happened while she slept.

And then, as she stirred, a white gown nurse, who had been sitting on the other side of the bed bent over her. Helen started at her bewildered. The nurse smiled reassuringly. "You are all right now, aren't you?"

"But now—what had happened? Where is mother?"

"Your mother is asleep. Shall I call her? She's been up two nights with you, and I told her she must rest tonight."

How it was all dawning on Helen. So she had been unconscious for two nights.

"And Warren, my husband?" she faltered.

"He's down stairs. I'll go for him. I was to let him know as soon as there was any change."

"Is—he asleep, too?"

"No, no; he hasn't slept since he came; he won't even lie down. Shall I let him come up now?"

Helen nodded.

"But you mustn't talk. He can see you and stay with you for a little while, but you must promise not to talk. You are not strong enough yet."

And again Helen nodded and the nurse hurried down stairs.

Helen's heart was beating in her throat. "He hasn't slept since he came, he won't even lie down." The nurse's words swept through her like a strong reviving tonic. Did it mean that, after all, he loved her—loved her as she wanted to be loved? Or was it only remorse? Oh, no, no! She wouldn't think that—it was love—she would believe it was love.

His step on the stairs! She almost stopped breathing.

The door opened. She did not look toward him. She did not even look up. Somehow she couldn't, and then Warren was kneeling beside the bed his arms about her. With a long shuddering sob of peace and contentment Helen turned her face towards him.

It was one of the rare perfect moments that life sometimes gives. Whatever misunderstandings or estrangements the future might hold for them, this moment had brought them divinely near.

## —at Wilhelm's

With every ad screaming "bargains"—with "Clearance Sales" on all sides—and an endless jumble of figures and prices we wonder if the reader does not become confused as to real values.

We simply ask you to investigate our honest and sincere statement that this \$30,000 stock of Ladies' and Misses' Coats, Suits, Furs, Waists, Skirts and Petticoats will be sold regardless of cost at our Semi-Annual Clearance Sale Beginning Today.

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